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# THE BRICK CHURCH

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THE OLD & THE NEW

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# THE BRICK CHURCH:

*The Old and the New.*

A MEETING of the Elders, Deacons, and Trustees of the Brick Presbyterian Church was held at the close of divine service on the 25th day of May, 1856, in the church. Mr. HOLDEN, Elder, was chosen Moderator.

It was *Resolved*, unanimously, "That we have heard with great satisfaction the history of our church and congregation, and of the labors of our Pastor, and of the progress of religion in the church and congregation during his past ministry, terminating his history with our present change of the location of the church edifice ;

That judging the historical discourse useful in its encouragement to faithful and devoted pastors, as well as conducive to the edification of Christians in private walks, a copy be requested for publication, and that Mr. HOLDEN, Elder, Mr. HARDING, Deacon, and Mr. MILLS, Trustee, be a committee for this purpose, and to see to the publication, and that it be recommended to them to procure a copyright to control the correctness of the publication."

REV. DR. SPRING—*Dear Sir.*

It affords us pleasure to communicate to you the preceding resolution, adopted last Sabbath morning, and to express the hope that you will comply with the request contained in it at your earliest convenience.

With great respect,

HORACE HOLDEN,  
RICHARD HARDING, } *Committee.*  
DRAKE MILLS,

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IN SESSION, Nov. 11th, 1858.

"*Resolved*, that Dr. Spring be respectfully requested to furnish for publication a copy of his last sermon preached in the old church in Beekman street, and of his Dedication Sermon preached in the new church, and that the Clerk of the Session take the necessary steps for that purpose."—*Extract from the Minutes.*

HORACE HOLDEN, *Clerk of Session.*

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BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL, Nov. 16, 1858.

TO HORACE HOLDEN, ESQ., *Clerk of the Session of the Brick Presbyterian Church of the city of New York—*

MY DEAR SIR:

My reply to the note of the Committee of the ruling Elders, Deacons, and Trustees, dated 25th of May, 1856, in which I felt constrained to decline the publication of the discourse there referred to, was dictated by a reluctance to publish a narrative so familiar in its character, and having so many allusions to myself. I now comply with the request of the Session for that discourse, and also for the discourse lately delivered at the dedication of the new church, not because I judge either of them worthy of being published, but because they are *memorials* of events which it is thought best to preserve.

Your affectionate Pastor,

GARDINER SPRING



# The Old and the New Church.

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## TWO DISCOURSES:

THE FIRST DELIVERED ON THE 25<sup>TH</sup> OF MAY, 1856, AS THE CLOSING  
SERMON IN THE OLD BRICK CHURCH IN BEEKMAN STREET:

THE LAST ON THE 31<sup>ST</sup> OF OCTOBER, 1858, AT THE  
DEDICATION OF THE NEW BRICK CHURCH  
ON MURRAY HILL;

BY

GARDINER SPRING, D. D., LL. D.,

PASTOR OF THE BRICK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.



NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY M. W. DODD,

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## MEMORIAL OF GOD'S GOODNESS.

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"WE have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple. That ye may tell it to the generation following ; for this God is our God, for ever and ever ; he will be our guide even unto death."—PSALM xlviii. 9-14.

THE present service closes the public worship of God in an edifice where it has been enjoyed for 88 years. For whatever purposes this hallowed ground may be hereafter employed, experience has convinced us that it is no longer a fit place for religious worship. We have admitted this conviction reluctantly ; we have resisted it too long. It is now forced upon us by considerations which we have no doubt God approves, and the best interests of his kingdom demand.

With the future we have less to do, on the present occasion, than with the past. The Brick Presbyterian Church has, from its origin, occupied a position sufficiently prominent to justify, even in the eyes of the men of the world, some historical notices, which may, perhaps, be viewed with interest by others as well as ourselves.

It requires no great labour and very little research to furnish the historical outlines of a Christian congregation, which dates back only 88 years. The first account

we have of Presbyterianism in this city is the combination of several Presbyterian families from England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and New England, in the year 1706, who were in the habit of assembling together on the Lord's-day, in a private house, and conducting their religious services without the aid of any Christian minister. The following year they worshipped occasionally in the Dutch Church in Garden Street, and in the year 1716, formed themselves into a regular Presbyterian church, under the stated ministry of the Rev. James Anderson, a native of Scotland. For three years this infant church assembled for public worship in the City Hall, then on the corner of Nassau and Wall Streets; and in 1719, they erected the first Presbyterian church in Wall Street, out of which was formed the Church of the Seceders in Cedar Street, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Dr. Mason, the elder, and also the Brick Church in Beekman Street. The corner stone of this edifice was laid in the autumn of the year 1766, and on the first of January, 1768, it was opened for public worship, by a discourse from the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, its first pastor. The congregations worshipping in Wall Street and in Beekman Street remained for a series of years *one church*, under the same associated pastorate, the same Board of Trustees, and the same bench of Ruling Elders. This identity of interest was preserved during the whole of the Revolutionary war, and down to the year 1809. During the war, these two Presbyterian churches were the objects of the special vengeance and indignity of the enemy. The church in Wall Street was converted into barracks, and the Brick Church into

a hospital—defaced, stripped of their interior, and left in ruins, and the parsonage house burned to the ground. On the return of peace, and while these edifices were being repaired, the congregations stately worshipped in St. George's and St. Paul's, through the unsolicited and generous courtesy of the vestry of Trinity Church. After having been repaired at great expense, the Brick Church was re-opened in June, 1784, by a discourse from Dr. Rodgers, from the words of the Psalmist, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." The ministers successively associated with Dr. Rodgers, after the conclusion of the war, were the Rev. James Wilson, from Scotland, the Rev. John McKnight, and the Rev. Samuel Miller. These congregations, in their united capacity, and for many years after the present pastor of the Brick Church came to the city, established and sustained a large parochial school, in Nassau, between Liberty and Cedar Streets, and relinquished their funds for this object to the Public School directors, on the expressed condition that no child whom they should recommend should be excluded, and that the Bible should be daily read in the schools.

Serious inconveniences were found to attend the arrangement of this collegiate charge; and by an amicable stipulation, in the year 1809, the congregations, till then united, were formed into separate and distinct churches;—the Rev. Dr. Rodgers retaining his relation to both, and the Rev. Dr. Miller the stated pastor of the church in Wall Street—Dr. McKnight voluntarily resigning his connexion with both the churches.

Such was the state of the Brick Church the year before the ordination and installation of the present pastor. The eldership consisted of men well known, both in civil and ecclesiastical life, and venerable for age and character. They were Abraham Vangelder, John Thompson, William Ogilvie, Benjamin Egbert, Thomas Frazer, John Bingham, John Mills, and Samuel Osgood, to which were added, shortly after the separation of the churches, William Whitlock, Richard Cunningham, Rensselaer Havens, and John Adams. While all these gentlemen were men of worth and influence, the ruling spirit among them, and the man eminent for discernment, practical wisdom, ardent piety, and vigorous action, was *John Mills*.

The age and infirmities of Dr. Rodgers had released him from all duty, and the great object of the church now was to secure the services of a stated pastor. There were divisions among them arising from the separation previously referred to, from ancient feuds, personal animosity, and political excitement. A call was presented to the Rev. Dr. John McDowell, of Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, which, though sustained by a large majority of the congregation, he declined accepting. Subsequently a call was presented to the Rev. Dr. Andrew Yates, of East Hartford, Connecticut, and though unanimous, was declined ; Dr. Yates giving the preference to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in Union College. Three efforts were subsequently made to induce the congregation to call the Rev. Lyman Beecher, then of East Hampton, Long Island ; but for want of harmony, this measure was abandoned. Sub-



sequently, in May, 1810, the Session deputed two of their number to procure the services of the Rev. Dr. Speece, of Virginia, on trial ; this effort was also unsuccessful. At the same meeting they also appointed the same committee "to proceed to Philadelphia, during the sessions of the General Assembly, and make application to any of the Presbyterian ministers that may be convened there, whose piety and talents would, in their judgment, render him acceptable to the congregation, and earnestly solicit such minister to make the church a visit of two or three Sabbaths, with a view to a permanent settlement as pastor ; and in case they should not find any minister there suitably qualified, that they make inquiry of the ministers present ; and if they receive well grounded information respecting any minister whose piety and talents would probably make him acceptable to the congregation, that they take such measures for procuring a visit from such minister as they may think proper." There is no record on the minutes of the Session of the action of this committee, and no report of the results of their appointment.

At a meeting of the Session, on the 28th of May, 1810, the first resolution was adopted which relates to your present pastor. He had not a single acquaintance in the congregation, nor does he know by whom, nor by what means his name was presented to the Session. He had passed through the city the preceding week, and preached a single discourse in the church in Cedar Street, under the care of the late Dr. John B. Romeyn, and who was then in Philadelphia. While there, a spectator of the transactions of the Assembly, the Session

passed the resolution inviting him to supply the pulpit. He accepted this invitation, and occupied the pulpit the first Sabbath in June, preaching in the morning from the words, "Wherefore come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty ;" and in the evening, to a crowded audience, from the words, "By the grace of God, I am what I am." I hold in my hand the identical discourses which I then preached, and have often been filled with wonder that these two jejune and puerile discourses should have decided the question on which so many interests depended for time and eternity. But the hand of God was in the whole procedure. At *the close of the morning service, and in the church*, the Session had a meeting, at which Dr. Rodgers presided, and which the Deacons and Trustees were invited to attend, at which they unanimously resolved that notice be given from the pulpit, at the close of the afternoon and evening service, that the congregation assemble the next day to take into consideration the propriety of making out a call for Mr. Gardiner Spring to become the stated pastor of the Brick Church.

On the following day that meeting was held, the Rev. Dr. Milledoler, then the pastor of the church in Rutgers Street, presiding, and a unanimous call was made out for the proposed candidate. I was greatly embarrassed by this unexpected invitation. A call had already been presented to me from the church in Andover, Massachusetts, from the Park Street Church in Boston, and at the same time I had been requested to receive a call



from the church in New Haven. The elders of the Brick Church were urgent for a prompt and immediate decision, on account of the peculiar state of the congregation; and though I did not formally answer the call till the 6th of July, I gave to Mr. John Mills, the leading ruling elder, such intimations of my purpose that they had a right to consider me, and did consider me, as their minister. It appeared to my own mind the call of the Great Head of the church to a field of labour too important to be compared with others, and too unequivocal to be misunderstood. Unfitted for it as I was, yet encouraged to believe that I should have strength according to my day, I accepted the solemn charge, and was ordained by the Presbytery of New York, and installed the pastor of this people on the 8th of August, 1810. Of the Presbytery by which I was ordained, consisting of Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Rev. George Faitoute, Rev. Peter Fish, Rev. Philip Milledoler, Rev. Samuel Miller, Rev. John B. Romeyn, and the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, not one remains.\*

The fathers, where are they? and the younger pro-

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\* Among those who were subsequently received into it, the following ministers also sleep in the dust:—Rev. William Boardman, Rev. John Teasman, Rev. Henry Blatchford, Rev. Philip M. Whelpley, Rev. Samuel Whelpley, Rev. John B. Romeyn, Rev. Mathias Bruen, Rev. Henry P. Strong, Rev. Mathew L. R. Perrine, Rev. Joseph S. Christman, Rev. Henry Hunter, Rev. Elias Crane, Rev. Daniel Newell, Rev. Seymour P. Funk, Rev. Stephen N. Rowan, Rev. E. W. Baldwin, Rev. Daniel Carroll, Rev. Joseph Sanford, Rev. Henry White, Rev. George W. Perkins, Rev. Erskine Mason, Rev. Truman Norton, Rev. A. J. Graham, Rev. John Little, Rev. S. Larned, Rev. E. Holt, Rev. Walter King, Rev. Ward Stafford, Rev. Flavel S. Mines, Rev. Isaac Lewis, Rev. F. Chamberlain, Rev. Albert Judson, Rev. George Bourne, Rev. Robert Birch, Rev. Moses C. Searl, Rev. Charles M. Oakly, Rev. George Carrington, Rev. John Anderson, Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, Rev. Ichabod S. Spencer, and Rev. Samuel E. Cornish.

phets do not live for ever. The distinguished individuals to whom I was under the greatest obligations, so long as they remained members of the Presbytery, were the Rev. Dr. Miller and the Rev. Dr. Perrine, both of whom filled the office of Professor of Church History and Government in our theological seminaries, and died full of years and full of honours. Their uniform friendship, their kind and gentleman-like deportment toward me, their wise counsels, their active assistance in my arduous work, the interest they took in my usefulness, and the influence they exerted in my favour in seasons of solicitude, conflict and depression, demand from me this public and grateful acknowledgment.

During the first year of my ministry, I was constrained by necessity to the preparation of those discourses which I could most easily prepare. My subjects were such as were most familiar to my own mind, rather than those which were demanded by the character and condition of the congregation. But no sooner did it please God to give me the confidence of the people, than topics were carefully selected with a more special regard to the indications of divine providence, and the wants of those to whom I was called to minister. Both the elders and the people expected from me discourses that were addressed to the *popular ear and taste*. There was a standard of preaching and a feeling on this subject which tried and embarrassed me, and which led to a carefully prepared discourse from the words, "Speak unto us smooth things." God was pleased to put honour upon this discourse, and to produce the conviction on the minds of those who heard it, that the preacher's

business is to *preach His truth*, and leave the consequences with Him, and that instead of aiming to *please men*, his great aim ought to be to *please God*, who trieth the hearts.

There was at that time prevalent in the city a sort of hybrid theology, half Arminian and half Antinomian—tinctured with the views of “*Marshal on Sanctification*,” on the one hand, and the ritualism of High Church Episcopacy on the other—which, young as I was, I felt myself called on to investigate and resist. In the main, it was evangelical and Calvinistic, but it was hyper-Calvinism, and not that *kind* of Calvinism which is taught in the Bible. Some of my own people were not a little imbued with it, and it led to a series of discourses on the “*Discriminating traits of Christian character*,” in which the agitated questions were treated, not polemically, but practically. These discourses the Great Head of the church condescended to attend with his blessing, and to make the means of disturbing false hopes, and bringing many persons out of darkness into his marvelous light.

It was the preparation of these discourses which first directed my own thoughts to the discussion of subjects in *a series of discussions*, comprising from twenty to thirty discourses on the same general topic, so many of which have been delivered in this sanctuary, and subsequently found their way to the press. The most important of the series was that which, in the order of time, immediately followed the discussions on Christian characteristics. It comprised a system of theology, and consisted of more than one hundred discourses. It was the great

effort of my life. The preparation of these discourses occupied more than three years of laborious and continuous study and preaching. Very many of them were delivered on the evening of the Lord's day, and to very large audiences. Nor do I know that any series of sermons preached by me have been listened to with greater interest, or have been more extensively useful. It was a system of theology not prepared for the schools, but for the people. And while it blinked no hard questions, save those which the word of God bid us to let alone, its main object was to show the bearing of every truth upon the conscience and heart ; to exalt God, and to lay the sinner humbled and without excuse, trembling, yet hoping, at the foot of the cross. The *practical application* of every doctrine was the most laboured part of almost every discourse ; nor have I ever preached to more solemn audiences, nor with more evident tokens of the divine favour and presence, than when preaching some of these discourses. One of these, I well recollect, cost six weeks' labour ; and I mention this not for the discouragement, but the encouragement of those ministers who, in the vigor of their days, are willing to be *working men*.

My preparations for the Sabbath have been habitually, almost always and uniformly made *in season* ; never, to my recollection, except in two instances, deferred to the last day of the week ; nor do I know of any better way of gaining time, labour, knowledge and health, than such an arrangement. One little circumstance, in connexion with the series of theological discourses, deserves here to be mentioned, that gave interest to them.



During their delivery in the winter season, in addition to the Thursday evening lecture, there was established a Bible-class, or rather a theological class, in "the old Session-room," comprising all of both sexes who chose to attend, for the purpose of reviewing, examining, and enforcing, by question and answer, the discourse of the preceding Lord's day. It was a large class, often numbering more than a hundred, and, though it consisted of gentlemen in professional and literary life, of merchants and mechanics, and teachers, and ladies of greater and less distinction; and though all liberty was allowed of proposing questions on subjects of difficulty, it was a *religious* class, and was understood to be a *religious* service. There was no restraint, but the most unembarrassed and cheerful discussion; yet there was no rudeness, no frivolity. It was one of the most interesting and solemn services of the season, and gave solemnity and interest to all our other services. God was with us by the influence of his sacred spirit. And when we came to the practical application of any such great doctrine as man's depravity, the sovereignty of God, the nature of holiness, the nature and necessity of regeneration, the great atonement of his Son, and the retribution of his punitive justice, many a time did proud heads droop, and the question was answered by a tear. Men and women are now living who, though widely scattered, will never forget this beautiful service. And here commenced the first memorable outpouring of God's spirit upon this people. Not far from *thirty* of this class, principally young, were here turned from the power of Satan unto God, some of whom have died in

faith and hope, some of whom live to exert a Christian influence, and some of whom are eminent for their usefulness in the gospel ministry.

God had graciously given testimony to the word of his grace, as here preached, at earlier periods. The thought has no doubt often crossed the minds of reflecting Christians that those who have occupied a place on the earth during the last fifty years, have lived in a remarkable age of the world, not only as it respects science and the arts, and the progress of civil society, but in regard to the cause of vital piety. The period, commencing with the year 1792, and terminating with 1842, was a memorable period in the history of the American Church. Scarcely any portion of it, except the high church Episcopalian and the Unitarian churches of Massachusetts, but were graciously visited by copious effusions of the Holy Spirit. From north to south, and from east to west, our male, and more especially our female academies, our colleges and our churches drank largely of this fountain of living waters. It was my privilege to enter upon the course of academical life not far from the meridian of this bright day. There were no subjects that interested my mind more deeply when I began my ministry among this people, than those revivals of religion which passed over the land of my boyhood. This interest increased with time and official labours and responsibility, and exercised a most important influence upon my whole course. Sparse clouds of mercy had been hovering over the congregation during the first four years of my ministry, and not a few, especially of those in middle life, had been brought into

the kingdom of God. The year 1814 was a year of severe labor and deep solicitude ; as it drew towards its close, of great discouragement and depression. It seemed to me that I must abandon my post, and that neither my mind, my heart nor my health were adequate to its constantly accumulating duties. My intellectual resources seemed to be exhausted, and drained dry. Many a time, after preaching, did I remain long in the pulpit that I might not encounter the faces of the people as I left the church ; and many a time when I left it did I feel that I could never preach another sermon. Yet I labored on week after week, without discovering to what extent the Spirit of God was carrying forward his own noiseless work. I perceived nothing to encourage me but an unusual enlargement and urgency in prayer, a greater facility in the selection of fitting themes for the pulpit, and more freedom and earnestness in declaring the whole counsel of God. God remarkably interposed to relieve my mind from its depression, and gave me such enlarged and delightful views of his truth, that my whole ministry received a new and cheered impulse. It was easy, also, to perceive that the spirit of grace and supplication was being poured out upon the people. The weekly prayer-meeting and the weekly lecture were full of interest. Days of fasting and prayer were occasionally observed, and a Saturday-evening prayer-meeting was established by the young men of the congregation. Our Sabbaths became deeply solemn and affecting ; we watched for them like those who watch for the morning, and I verily believe we anticipated them with greater pleasure

and expectation than the sons and daughters of earth ever anticipated their brightest jubilee. This was the first strongly marked revival of God's work among this people ; and I take this notice of it because it was so emphatic an expression of God's goodness to your young minister. Poor a thing as I have been, and still continue to be, it was this work of grace which made me what I am ; which gave me entirely new views of the great objects of the ministry, and made my work my joy. I loved it before, but never so ardently as then. But for this early season of mercy, during the summer of 1814, I do not see how I could ever have remained among you. It was the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes. The ingathering was not great, but it was the finest of the wheat. I may not mention their names.

This was but the beginning of days of mercy. The commencement of the year 1815 was the dawning of a still brighter day. The last Sabbath of the old year and the evening services of that Sabbath will be long remembered. Eight or ten persons, during the following week, were found to be awake, and in earnest for their salvation. The whole winter was a day of the right-hand of the Most High. The cloud of mercy extended itself through the following spring, and summer, and autumn. In the month of November the Bible-class was reorganized, the Saturday evening prayer-meeting was renewed, and God appeared to take the work into his own hands. There was complaint and hostility ; there were not wanting apprehensions in the minds of some of the pastors and churches in the city that



the work savored more of fanaticism than intelligent and sober thought. But the apprehensions were groundless. The blessing was near ; the sacred influence was silent as the dew of heaven. There was no outbreak and no disorder. There was prayer. There was solemn and earnest preaching. There were unexpected and unthought of instances of seriousness among the gay and frivolous, in the families of the rich as well as the poor, among the immoral as well as the moral, and many were the instances of conversion to God. The third Thursday of January was set apart by about thirty members of the church as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. It was in a private house in the rear of St. Paul's, in Church street ; and such a day I never saw before, and have never seen since. It was closed under strong and confident expectation that God was near, and that his spirit was about largely to descend upon the people. And so it was. A delightful impulse was given to the work by this day of prayer. The promise was made good, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." The weekly lecture, attended on the evening of that day, was perhaps the most solemn service of my ministry. The subject of the discourse was suggested by the words, "Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again." God was with the hearers and the preacher ; his spirit moved them as the trees of the forest are moved by a mighty wind. There is good reason to believe that the minds of more than one hundred persons were deeply impressed with a sense of their lost condition as sinners, and their need of an interest in Christ, on that evening.

Enemies were silenced ; members of other churches came among us to see and mark the character of the work for themselves, and all classes were constrained to confess, "This is the finger of God." Between one and two hundred attended the meetings for religious inquiry and conversation, and deep solemnity pervaded the whole people. There was great eagerness for religious instruction, and great satisfaction in the soul-humiliating and soul encouraging doctrines of the cross. The work was rapid. The period of awakening and conviction in many instances was very short—so short that older Christians began to doubt the genuineness of such conversions. There was no reason for the doubt. Some of the brightest and most enduring Christians amongst us were those very persons whose conversion was almost as sudden as that of Saul of Tarsus. The gathering of this protracted harvest was rich, consisting sometimes of thirty and forty, and at one communion of more than seventy, filling the broad aisle of the church—a lovely spectacle to God, angels and men.

There have been five seasons of the especial outpouring of God's spirit upon this people during the ministry of their present pastor. They were interspersed between the years 1812 and 1834, more or less copious, but always seasons of delightful refreshing, from the presence of the Lord. If the tree is known by its fruit, they are proved to have been the fruit of God's Spirit. The subjects of this work of grace have in almost all instances run well ; they have turned out intelligent and active Christians. Many of them have been called to their last earthly rest ; nor shall I forget the

blessedness and the blessed scenes of their last hours. Many of them are ministers of the gospel, and more the wives of ministers. Many of them are teachers and superintendents of Sabbath-schools. Many of them are ruling elders and deacons in other churches, while some remain in the honourable fulfilment of these offices among ourselves. Very many of them are scattered through this wide land, and distant churches and the distant wilderness are made glad *for them*. I never was so gratefully impressed with this fact, and with the high privilege of preaching the gospel in this sanctuary, as on an unexpected tour through Western New York and the Western States on the Upper Mississippi. Everywhere I met those who remembered the young minister and the Old Session Room. I heard of the death of some far away, and it was affecting to learn that in their last hours their thoughts of grateful praise were turned toward these scenes of mercy.

It will be found by an inspection of our records, that after the separation of the Brick and Wall Street churches, and before the installation of the present pastor, the session were faithfully employed in acts of *painful discipline*. Church discipline is not less truly an ordinance of God than church communion. No church can prosper that connives at heresy or immorality among its communicants. This unwelcome duty was faithfully pursued for several years after my settlement among this people, and has been discharged with perfect unanimity ever since. In the early part of my ministry, there were some avowed infidels in the church, who were the disciples of Paine and Palmer; there

were, also, avowed Universalists ; there have been from time to time immoral men and licentious, whom no means could reclaim, and they have been cast out. It has often been at great sacrifice of feeling, and some of interest and influence that these acts of discipline have been performed ; but however reluctantly and cautiously, it is a work which has been done. There have also been evils in the church at large with which the Brick Church has sympathized, and in the pressure of which it has endeavored to exert a healing and conservative influence. The great schism in the Presbyterian Church in the United States, which issued in the excision of so many churches in Western New York, was one in which this church took no part, and which it endeavored to prevent. We saw and felt that there were errors in doctrine and in church polity that were at variance with our standards ; but it was our judgment that there was a constitutional remedy for them, and that it ought to have been adopted. We had no confidence in the men who were the leaders of the New School party, and believed that their aims were to secure exclusive power ; but we could not believe that the mass of their followers were not true to our standards, and could never be persuaded that such a wholesale excision, without any previous trial, was consistent with sound Presbyterianism. Yet all our sympathies in doctrine and in polity were with the Old School. We were crowded to the wall, and called on to decide whether or not our allotment should be cast with the New School, who had abandoned themselves to leaders with whom we had no sort of sympathy, or with the Old



School, with whom our doctrinal views and views of church order were in unison, while we disapproved of their excinding acts. Nor did we long hesitate, but formed our decision, after having frankly expressed our dissent from their measures, to remain with the excinding party. This was an unhappy division, though overruled for good. There are hundreds of as good men and sound Presbyterians in the excinded churches as are to be found among ourselves ; and when time, that great healer, shall have purged them of the unhallowed leaven, and fostered a more fraternal spirit in both these branches of the great Presbyterian family in this land, we doubt not they will once more become united and harmonious. Blame was imputed to us by both parties for our neutral course ; but we did not think it neutral. Our decision to remain with the Old School was prompt and firm, and not less prompt and firm was our *Protest* against its excinding acts, and that *Protest* now stands on the records of the presbytery. We did not deem this a neutral course ; nor could we, with an honest conscience, have adopted any other, without fomenting still further disunion, and forming, as was seriously thought of, a third party in a church which ought ever to have been *one*.

In those great and benevolent enterprises for which the age in which we live has been distinguished, it has been the privilege of the Brick Church to bear her part. Taking the forty-six years of my pastorate together, no church in the land has given more bountifully to the cause of domestic and foreign missions. It

has done not a little also in the work of educating poor and pious young men for the gospel ministry. Boston, New York, Elizabethtown, Princeton, and the West and far West to this day have eminent ministers, in the Congregational, Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed Churches, who were beneficiaries of this church.

Of God's goodness toward myself, I might write volumes without exhausting the theme. My own life and the life of her he so early gave me, have been spared to us, while the great mass of the companions of our youth among this people sleep among the dead. It is a coincidence which an old man may be pardoned for taking notice of, that *this day* on which we now meet, completes the *fiftieth year* of our married life. It was on the *twenty-fifth* of May, 1806, the Lord's Day, that we were united in bonds not to be severed but by death. This *twenty-fifth* of May, 1856, also the Lord's Day, celebrates our "golden wedding," and we are both well pleased in thus inviting you to this religious celebration which looks back upon so many interesting facts in the narrative of our pilgrimage. Thirteen of our children were born in the midst of you, and baptized in this house of God ; and you have generously borne with their failings and ours. Six of the fifteen have died since our connection with you, and you have sympathised with our trials, and liberally provided for our wants and theirs. Your unexpected bounty to us two years ago, when I was thousands of miles from you, and knew not of the generous arrangement so nobly made in order to relieve the solicitude of the

evening of our days, demands this grateful and public acknowledgment.\*

My labours among you have been, for the year past, curtailed and embarrassed, by the visitation of God. The world of sense has been for the most part shut out from my obstructed vision ; a heavy cloud has hung upon it, which I know not will ever be so removed that I can labour among you with comfort or usefulness. I bow to this visitation ; I am not unhappy

\* The bounty here referred to, and so unexpectedly dispensed, will the better appear from the following documents :—

NEW YORK, 7th June, 1854.

PURSUANT to public notice given from the pulpit, a meeting of the male members and stated hearers of the Brick Presbyterian Church in Beekman Street was held this day in the church, to consider and determine, agreeably to said notice, upon a subject of interest to the congregation, embraced in the eighth section of the act to provide for the Incorporation of Religious Societies, in relation to ministers' salaries.

On motion, SAMUEL MARSH, Esq., was called to preside as Chairman, and MOSES ALLEN, Esq., was appointed Secretary.

The notice under which the meeting was called having been read, the following resolutions were offered, and, after having been duly considered, were unanimously adopted:

I. In consideration of the arduous labors of our excellent pastor, for a long series of years, at a salary below the average amount paid to many clergymen of this city, to remunerate in some measure his past services, and more adequately compensate them in future, *Resolved*, That the salary of the Rev. Dr. Spring hereafter be fixed at five thousand dollars per annum, commencing with the present fiscal year.

II. *Resolved*, That the preceding resolution be communicated to the Board of Trustees, and that they be requested to ratify the same, agreeably to said act.

III. *Resolved*, That Horace Holden, Samuel Marsh, Moses Allen, Guy Richards, and Ira Bliss, be a committee to communicate these resolutions to the Rev. Dr. Spring, and to express to him the undiminished confidence and affection of this church and congregation, and their earnest prayer that God may long preserve him to be His minister to this people.

SAMUEL MARSH, *Chairman*.

MOSES ALLEN, *Secretary*.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Brick Presbyterian Church, on the 13th of June, 1854, Mr. Holden presented to the Board a certified copy of the proceedings of a meeting of the congregation, held in the church, on Wednesday, the 7th day of June ult., which was read and ordered to be entered on the minutes.

Whereupon, on motion, it was unanimously *Resolved*, That this Board do approve of, and hereby ratify and confirm the aforesaid proceedings of the congregation, fixing the salary of the Rev. Dr. Spring at five thousand dollars per annum, to commence the first day of May last.

A true copy from the minutes.

THOS. EGGLESTON, *Clerk*.

NEW YORK, 13th June, 1854.

REV. DR. SPRING.

DEAR SIR: The undersigned have been appointed a committee to communicate to you the

under it. I have no doubt of the care and faithfulness of our Heavenly Father in thus laying his rod upon me. I have never been unhappy in my work, but have greatly rejoiced in it as in every view my chosen service ; thankful above all earthly things that God was pleased to put me into the ministry. I have never regretted the choice for a moment. I have found trials in it, but not one more than were required by the imperfections of my own character, my position and my usefulness ; and were I now in the bloom of youth and secular promise, of all employments in the world I

accompanying resolutions, passed unanimously, at a meeting of the congregation, and subsequently in like manner ratified and confirmed by the Board of Trustees.

It affords us great pleasure to discharge this duty, and it is only embittered with the regret that this act of justice has been so long delayed, much of which delay may be chargeable to our own negligence or forgetfulness, not to use a harsher name.

It is gratifying to be able to state, that on this occasion but one sentiment pervaded the entire meeting ; not the slightest dissent was manifested in thought, word, or deed. It was the spontaneous expression of grateful feelings from full and thankful hearts.

For almost half a century you have occupied the same post, and the same sphere of labor and of duty.

Some of us have sat under your ministry for more than forty years, and during that long period can bear testimony to your untiring industry, your unbending integrity in the exhibition of gospel truth, amid conflicts and parties, and your entire devotion to the appropriate duties of the ministry.

We feel too that it is neither flattery to you nor vain boasting in us, but a thankful expression of gratitude to God, to say, that yours has not been an unprofitable ministry, nor your influence been confined to this church. We can see traces of your faithful preaching, marked by the Divine Spirit, not only in our own city and vicinity, but in almost every State of this vast republic ; and we expect, if we are ever so happy as to arrive at our Father's house on high, to meet multitudes there of those whom neither you nor we have known in the flesh, brought home to glory through your instrumentality.

It is a source of delightful reflection to us, that in the early evening of your days, after so long a ministry among us, you retain the undiminished confidence and affection of your whole people, an affection as warm and fresh as crowned the day when first you devoted your youthful prime in this church, to Christ and his cause.

Our beloved pastor ! these expressions but feebly represent our own sincere emotions.

We would humbly commend you to the Great Head of the church, and earnestly pray that He may preserve you yet for many years to come, to preach the everlasting gospel to this people—that He may make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you, and finally, when our warfare is accomplished, that He may receive you and us to that blessed communion where our love shall be for ever perfect, and our joy for ever full.

Respectfully and affectionately,

HORACE HOLDEN,	} <i>Committee.</i>
SAMUEL MARSH,	
MOSES ALLEN,	
IRA BLISS,	
GUY RICHARDS,	



would choose that of a minister of the gospel. With all my unworthiness, I would go to the throne and say, "Here, Lord, am I ; send *me* !" This conviction grows upon me as my infirmity gradually disqualifies me for the labors to which I have been accustomed. I cannot speak of the glad emotions which fill my heart as, in the suspension of my more vigorous studies, I sometimes look over the thousands of manuscripts I have been allowed to prepare, and reflect upon the *privilege* of having been permitted to utter so much precious truth to this beloved people. It is a delightful view to my own mind that, with all my deficiencies, God has not permitted me to be a *loiterer* in his vineyard, and that, however imperfectly, my work has not been negligently done. What my motives have been another day will show. Of one thing I am confident, that I have been devoted to it, regardless of all other vocations. My great cause of solicitude now is that I shall wane, and fade, and faint, and die "of having nothing to do." I find these days of unreading and unstudious repose the greatest trial of my life, except my sins. I ask your indulgence, your sympathy and your prayers, that God would give me a cheerful mind, and so direct me in the employment of my time that my life may not become a burden, and that I may not be a cumberer of the ground. Yet, I may not, I do not, distrust him. Because thou hast been my help ; therefore, under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

And now, in this brief review, what shall we say ! One thought forces itself upon your minds and my own ! It relates to a theme on which I have so often dwelt in

this sacred desk : The *goodness of God*, how wonderful is it ! The rising and setting sun proclaim it, and every star of the dark night. Like the milky way, it fills the heavens with its whiteness, and like the rainbow painted on the cloud, it spans them with its prismatic beauty. The atmosphere we breathe is surcharged with it, and it is conducted off in its ten thousand electric forms. Every bird, fish, and worm, every buzzing insect, every plant and flower, and every blade of grass inhale it. Every sea, every lake and fountain, every river and stream, and sparkling dew drop receive alike their riches and their beauty from this uncreated source. How much more richly and purely, then, does it flow here in the sanctuary where all its streams are confluent, and from the mountain tops of Zion send gladness through the city of our God ! We cannot comprehend the love that brought the Lord of Glory to the manger and the cross ; that here proclaims the glad tidings of great joy, and that sends forth his Spirit to call the wanderers home. “ O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness ! ” “ How great is thy goodness to them that fear thee, to them that put their trust in thee before the sons of men ! ”

I love this place where I now stand—

“ Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell,  
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.”

Had any one told me twenty years ago that I should live to see it abandoned as a place of religious worship, I should have thought him a romancer, if not a mad-man ; yet the hour of abandonment has come. On an

occasion like the present, something is due to this ancient sanctuary. The speaker stands here for the last time ; and you, beloved friends, meet for the last time in the consecrated place where we have so often assembled for the worship of God. As before intimated, I am not ignorant of the defects of my ministry. Yet, have I this thankful conviction, that, so far as I have known it, I have not shunned to declare the whole council of God. If I have not, testify against me this day. We call upon you to witness, we call upon the sainted spirits of the departed to witness, we make our appeal to the walls of this hallowed edifice, if the truth of God, detached from the systems of human philosophy, from the misnamed improvements and ultraisms of the age, and from the popular daubing with untempered mortar, has not been proclaimed from this pulpit. This house has also been greatly endeared to us as "the house of prayer," as the "house of prayer for all people." Many are the seasons which the living and the dead have here enjoyed in sweet communion with God and one another. This house has been our thankful resort in prosperity, in adversity it has been our refuge. Here the aged and the young have come for the first and last time to commemorate the love of Christ at his table. Here our children have been baptized, and their children after them, and here we have wept and prayed together as God has called them from these earthly scenes. Here other generations have listened, as you now listen, and around this spot and beneath it are the sepulchres of the departed. I seem to stand to-day amid generations that are past, so vividly does my imagination people

these seats with faces and forms whose place now knows them no more. Pleasant, yet mournful are these reminiscences ; memory has no associations more delightful than those which run by the waters of the sanctuary. This house has also been the stranger's home. Of this and of that man it shall be one day said, that "he was born here." Many a wanderer from other lands, and more from distant regions of our own broad territory, have here sought and made their peace with God ; while many a backslider has been restored, amid scenes which have given joy to the angels of God, and told of the years of the right hand of the Most High. Recollections of individual character and deep and tender interest gush upon us to-day, which, while we must suppress, are full of thankfulness and praise. "We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple," that "we may tell it to the generations following," and that "this God is our God for ever and ever, and will be our guide even unto death."

But our work and our privileges in this house of God here have an end. It is His voice which to-day says to us, "Arise ye, and depart hence, for this is not your rest." We have occupied it too long ; and although it has been for the benefit and enlargement of other congregations, it has been not only to the diminution of our strength, but to the injury of our habits as a people, and almost to the breaking up of our second service on the Sabbath. Notwithstanding the doubts of some, and the officious and uncalled-for interference of others, we ourselves are satisfied that this once tranquil and cen-



tral spot is no longer a place of repose either for the preacher or the hearers. We have no longer the unobstructed privileges of the gospel. Our weekly lecture and our weekly prayer-meeting, as well as our Sabbath-school, are of necessity discontinued ; while it is at no small inconvenience that a single religious service is sustained on the Lord's day. The question has been asked, Why not leave this church as a church for strangers, and for the hotels and boarding-houses in this part of the city ? To this we have this conclusive answer, We ourselves have proposed to do so. At a meeting of the Presbytery of New York, I myself made the proposition to the churches that this congregation would subscribe \$50,000 for that purpose, on condition that the other congregations would unite in raising the balance of \$150,000. The Presbytery received the proposal with favour, and appointed a committee to take it into consideration. That committee reported against the proposed arrangement, and the Presbytery and the congregations dropped the subject.

We have come to the conclusion, therefore, to quit this edifice, not indeed without difficulty, but deliberately. And we owe many thanks to those who, amid all the turmoil from without, all the foreign influence, and all the gradual dereliction from our services of our own congregation, have *stood by us* in this crisis of our history. For years we have been almost *in transitu* ; and it has put in requisition no small degree of attachment to the house of their fathers, and no small degree of Christian principle, to make the sacrifices that have been indispensable to our continuance as a well organ-

ized department in the house of God. While none of us are without lingering attachments to these ancient courts, few if any among ourselves now question the expediency, the duty of the removal. We have been a harmonious people for six and forty years ; and we are now harmonious in this great and agitating question. And although we cannot say that we leave these walls without regret, we can say we leave them for conscience sake, and at the bidding of our divine Leader. The house does not belong to *us*, but to *Him* ; and therefore we are bound to husband the property entrusted to us for the best interests of His kingdom. We bid it *adieu*, to follow the guidance of his providence, and pitch our tabernacle under the pillar and the cloud. These seats will no longer be occupied by us ; this pulpit will henceforth be silent. To you who have long rejected the gospel as here proclaimed, it now makes its *last call*. Prayer will no longer ascend from this altar ; the songs of this temple will now cease. Farewell, then, thou endeared house of God ! thou companion and friend of my youth, thou comforter of my later years, thou scene of toil and of repose, of apprehension and of hope, of sorrow and of joy, of man's infirmity and God's omnipotent grace, *farewell* ! Sweet pulpit, farewell ! Blessed altar, farewell ! Throne of grace, as here erected, and where God no longer records his name, farewell !

But *not to Thee*, O thou that hearest prayer, thou God of Zion, who dost still dwell with man on the earth—*not to thee*, who hast said, “ *Wherever* I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee,” do we say farewell ! “ The desire of our souls is to thy name,

and to the remembrance of Thee. Whom have we in heaven but *Thee*, and what is there on the earth that we desire beside thee?" Even now, at this late, this last hour, from the bottom of our hearts do we say, "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." If we forget Thee, ever blessed and adorable Saviour, or the church which thou hast purchased, or the Mount Zion where thou dwellest, let our right hand forget her cunning, let our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth, if we prefer not Thee and these above our chief joy!

Nor, my beloved people, is it to *you* that your pastor says farewell. These brick walls and this plastered ceiling, and these pillars and seats, do not constitute the Brick Presbyterian Church. Ye are these constituents, and "ye are our glory and joy." The winter of life is too near for me to have much personal interest in your arrangements for the future. My personal interests and repose would be the better consulted by remaining where we are. My heart's desire and prayer to God, and my most vivid hopes, are for your usefulness and benefit, rather than my own. I would not see you a dispersed people. And while it is with *concern* that I say this, it is with hope rather than fear. I would fain *live* to see you lengthening your cords and strengthening your stakes. But whether I live or die, God will assuredly be with you, and bring you to the place of his sanctuary. "If I shall find favour in his eyes, he will show me both it and his habitation. But if he say thus, I have no delight in thee, behold here I am, let him do as seemeth good unto him!" Thus far he has led us on in mercy.

These days of solicitude and agitation will soon be over. The "root of Jesse" yet stands as an "ensign to the people, and his rest shall be glorious." Only take diligent heed and *be very courageous* to do his will, to love the Lord your God, and to walk in his ways, and to keep his commandments, and to cleave unto him, and to serve him with all your heart and all your soul, and his presence and blessing shall be with you and yours for a great while to come! The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace! His name be upon you and your children! Amen and amen! And let all the people say, amen!



# DEDICATION SERMON;

PREACHED ON THE LAST LORD'S DAY OF OCTOBER, 1858, AT THE  
OPENING OF THE BRICK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH ON  
MURRAY HILL, IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.



## THE SANCTUARY.

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“YE shall reverence my sanctuary.”—LEVITICUS xix. 30.

STRONG has been the desire of him who addresses you to see this auspicious day ; more strong than his expectations. The removal of a church hallowed by so many affecting associations as those concentrated around the place of our fathers' sepulchres ; a church that has borne no insignificant part in our national history, and where so many distinguished men and fathers of the American Revolution worshipped ; a church, the foundation of which was laid with their own hands ; a church memorable for the power of God in the conversion of men, and endeared to so many now scattered over this broad land ; was an enterprise which none of us anticipated without misgivings of heart, and none counted on accomplishing without difficulty. These difficulties met us on every side ; but “having obtained help of God, we continue to the present day,” the same organized community with which such multitudes have identified their sweetest hopes, where their graces flourished, whence their prayers ascended, and on which they now look down in the gladness of anticipation and with the fervor of praise. We have no ordinary cause for thanksgiving to God,

and for mutual gratulation that, after an exile of two and a half years, we at length assemble in these courts.

We meet on this day of our holy solemnities to dedicate this edifice to Him to whose name and praise, we trust, it will ever be devoted. We would honour *Him*, by putting honour upon the institutions of his own appointment; He himself would have us reverence his sanctuary.

The subject of this discourse, therefore, is that one great word—

The SANCTUARY, comprising, as it does, the Divine presence—its moral power—its benevolent influence—its conservative principles—and its social character.

We reverence it,

I. In the first place, AS THE HOUSE OF GOD.

When we come to it, we shut the door on the world, and think of the Great and Glorious Being who occupies it. It was his early promise, “In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee.” His presence consecrated the field and the stone where Jacob slept. It consecrated the bush on Horeb, and the “tabernacle of witness” in the wilderness. It consecrated the Temple at Jerusalem as “an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob,” and made its history the history of earth and heaven. It was holy ground, because God was there. No uncircumcised could enter it, nor any unclean thing be offered on its altars. When the Hebrews were exiles in a strange land, their harps hung upon the willows, because they had no symbols of the Divine presence. When their temple was pillaged and burnt, and the wall of their city broken down, and

its palaces destroyed with fire, and they became tributary to foreign kings ; their glory was departed, because the Shekinah was gone, and the God of Israel was no longer among them. And when, in after times, their temple was desecrated by all the rites of Paganism, and the statue of Jupiter was set up on the altar of burnt offering, it was no longer a sanctuary. And now, when the proud Moslem sits upon the throne of David, and the mosque of Omar stands on Mount Zion, how emphatically is the lesson inculcated on the world, that the God of Israel dwells no longer in Jerusalem, no longer in Mount Gerizim, but with every assembly of worshippers gathered in his name.

This is the high privilege of every Christian sanctuary. If the Pagan world reverences its temples as the dwelling-place of its deities, how much more ought Christians to look upon their sanctuaries as sacred in the sanctity of their Oracle, and the presence of their God.

Solemn thought, that the King Eternal, immortal and invisible, before whom the loftiest and the holiest are lost in amazement, bows his heavens and comes down to these earthly courts! Yet is it a thought that cheers us, because, while he comes in the splendor of his rectitude, he comes in the gushing tenderness of his compassions ; while he comes to stamp disappointment and mockery on every hope which rests not on him, he comes as the refuge and hope of the lowly ; and comes not so much in the glory that encircled Sinai, and made the prophet tremble, as in the winning loveliness, the blended and attractive glory which shines in the face of Jesus Christ.



Well may we turn aside to see this great sight, “*God with us*,” within the walls of an earthly temple. In lowly reverence we fall before this present Deity ; the celestial here bending to the terrestrial ; the unseen and all-seeing One dwelling in the frame-work which is of man’s device. “How *dreadful* is this place!” yet how *delightful*! “Surely this is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven!” Well may all hearts shout with joy at the condescension of this reconciled God. The sanctuary is the presence chamber of the King of Kings ; his own royal banqueting-house, and the “mountain of his holiness.” If we look into the book of nature, or into the revelations of conscience, or into the writings of human philosophy and the speculations of science, we find nothing that answers the question, What and where is God? It is an absolute, abstract Deity the human mind always thinks of, until he is revealed in the person of his Son. The sanctuary draws aside the veil, behind which the great Jehovah “dwells in the thick darkness.” There we find the God whom we are not afraid to think of and to hold fellowship with, and who, to all the varied attributes of greatness, adds those varied manifestations of goodness which command our submission, our filial love, our trusting confidence. No earthly joy and honour, no patronage of the rich and learned, no crowded assemblies, no arm of flesh, no tokens of public favour, can be to us instead of his presence and glory. What are all the formality and gorgeousness of worship, if he who is a Spirit be not here worshipped in spirit and in truth? What is all human teaching, with its well digested thoughts and

charms of utterance, if God's own lips speak not, and the soft whispers of his love breathe not? Say to us, thou God of Zion, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest!" We would behold the beauty of the Lord, as we have seen it in the sanctuary. Our prosperity depends upon the bright visions of his glory. O that he would walk amid the golden candlesticks, and make this place of his feet glorious! The inward tokens of his presence are the best pledge that we shall enjoy the outward tokens of his favour. Give us these, and there will not be wanting those who will say, "We will go with you, for we have heard the Lord is with you."

II. We reverence the sanctuary, in the second place,  
FOR ITS MORAL POWER.

Men are apostate and sinful. Sin has impoverished them. They have wants which nothing but unearthly resources can supply, "having no hope and without God in the world." Iniquity is their ruin. So long as iniquity rankles in their bosoms, it proves the sharpened tooth of the undying worm; the fires of perdition cannot be quenched, so long as men remain the victims of wickedness.

It is no marvel, therefore, that the most comprehensive purpose of the Divine mind terminates in securing and perpetuating the interests of holiness. His works, his providence, together with the rich and varied manifestations of his great and glorious nature, ever have had for their object the great interests of holiness in the world in which we dwell. The mightiest movement his wisdom and love ever dictated aims at here constructing

a highway that shall be called "the way of holiness." Holiness is the ultimate good. There is nothing better that God seeks after, and nothing else he has made such sacrifices to secure.

In the accomplishment of this great work the sanctuary has a part to perform, which can be performed by no other instrumentality. Where no vision is, the people perish. Men rarely become moral, never religious, dissociated and severed from the house of God. If the sanctuary has an interest in the happiness of men, it is a happiness that is inseparable from a holy and virtuous character. What it most seeks to promote is a character that God loves, a character that is progressively like his own, a character cherished by all that is binding in the obligations of law, all that is rich in the plenitude of grace, all that is tender in the sympathies of our Great High Priest, and all that is stimulating in those "exceeding great and precious promises" whereby his people are made partakers of the divine nature. Do you ask, How the sanctuary effects this great object? we answer, By the power of truth, the power of prayer, and the power of the Holy Ghost. Here is *the truth of God*, presenting the thoughts and affections of the infinite to the finite, and opening that exhaustless storehouse of motives so wondrously suited to man's intellectual, moral and sensitive nature. Here is *the Spirit of all grace*, without which truth is powerless, and with which it receives the welcome of the warm affections, is enthroned in the chambers of the inner man, and sanctifies and saves. Here, too, is that heaven-ordained *spirit of grace and supplication*, setting in motion all other

instruments, and agencies, and demonstrating man's impotence and God's faithfulness as a prayer-hearing God.

We may not speak loosely when we speak of this moral influence of the sanctuary. It is not the mere form of godliness it would secure, but the power ; it is not names, but things ; it is not the shadow, but the substance. Pagan ablutions, and Papal crosses, and sprinklings are not piety. The ostentation of religious observances, and the decencies of a visible morality are sometimes found among the scoffers at all heart religion. A Christian creed and a Christian profession are not unknown among those who are dead in trespasses and sins. Inspect the fruits of the sanctuary, and it will be found that it is the rain of heaven and the sun of righteousness by which they are matured, and the hand of the sanctifier that gathers them. Holiness has taken the place of sin, gladness the place of sorrow, light of darkness, hope of despair, life of death, where the sanctuary is clothed with power. Nor do we hesitate to say that, various as are the means by which the world is converted to God, and beautifully coöperative as they are, the pivot on which the machinery rests, the main shaft that impels it, its motive power is the fire on God's altars. To this hallowed spot the church militant and the church triumphant look with hope, and here from under the sanctuary the waters issue that give life to the world. The very walls of the sanctuary are monitors, and the entrance in at the doors reads the lesson, "This is the way, walk ye in it." There is no safer path, nor is there a more effective repulse to the



Tempter than to say to him, *I am going to the house of God.*

I love to look at the sanctuary in the retired village or the crowded city ; in the bold foreground, or the retreating shadows of the distant landscape. It is God's vineyard, where "the vine flourishes, and the tender grape appears," while around its consecrated walls is "God's acre," where the plants of righteousness, thickly set and deep, are gathering their immortal bloom. The beauties of holiness and the glories of immortality are there. Yes, I love to look at such a scene, and to say when I look at it, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel ; as valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as lign aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters!" The dewy eve, the blushing morn fade in comparison with this garden of God, sparkling in the beauties of holiness, and fragrant with its sweet perfume. Bashan languisheth, and the flower of Lebanon languisheth ; holiness never withers, its leaf is green even in the year of drought. Glorious beyond all but the foretelling pen of prophecy, are the bright destinies of the sanctuary : glorious to feel and enjoy, glorious to *behold*, and in seasons of darkness and despondency, glorious to look for. When that hope is realized, there will be the jubilee of the world. The ingathering of the great harvest year shall have come, when the "plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed, and the mountains drop down sweet wine, and all the hills do melt." Intimately connected with these, thoughts



III. There is a third reason for this religious reverence for the sanctuary, and that is its ACTIVE BENEVOLENCE.

The Church of God, from its origin and organization, from the laws by which it is governed, and the profession and character of its members, from the peculiar privileges it enjoys and the means of its advancement, from its opportunities for usefulness, and the promised favor of its Great Head, possesses notoriety and preëminence. She is like a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid. While generation after generation has passed away, and thrones and dynasties have vanished, and proud institutions have crumbled to the dust, and every ancient work of man is lost; this great work of God remains—a living community in a dying world, a spiritual community, youthful and vigorous, where all things else grow old and decay.

God's sanctuary is everywhere invested with this commanding position, in order to impose upon it the obligations of active service: "To whom much is given, of him also much shall be required." Its mission is to "do good and communicate." It is not erected to be looked at and admired, but to speak to us, to act upon us. Its province and its office are to send out its sympathies to the ignorant, and enlighten them; the wandering and reclaim them; the lost, and save them. We hold of very little account that cold and dead orthodoxy which paralyzes effort. The professed Christian who folds his hands and congratulates himself that he has nothing to do for a world that lieth in wickedness, because *believing* is his business, and not *working*, is in nothing better than the slothful servant. An enlightened

belief in the doctrines of grace, so far from diminishing Christian diligence, impels to it by superadded obligations and motives. Our obligations to holiness and to every form of active service, are just as real and just as binding as they would have been, had the Saviour never fulfilled all righteousness ; just as real and just as binding as they would have been had we been justified by the deeds of law. If salvation is *of* grace, it is *unto* works, we are fellow-workers with God. He works in us that we may work. We look to him as though he did all, and we labor as though all the work were our own. We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be all of God and not of us ; yet do “ we strive mightily, according to the grace that worketh in us mightily.” Nor is this coöperation the less obvious and delightful because our agency is human and his divine. It is “ the worm Jacob ” that is to “ thrash the mountains, and beat them small, and make the hills as chaff.”

Such is the creed of the sanctuary, and with this it stands in the midst of a perishing world. None are overlooked by it, old or young, far off or near. Emphatically are *the young* its charge, because God has committed them to it ; it is the sanctuary that modifies and moulds their character. It has a larger heart, too, and a more enlarged vision than this. It looks over this sin-struck earth, and cares for the heathen at home and the heathen abroad. Its thoughts, its counsels, its prayers, its gifts, its deeds of self-denial and endurance form no inconsiderable part of the history of the Church of God.

You wonder, perhaps, that I utter such obvious truths ; not only would I utter but enforce them. If God requires it of his ministers that they be working men, he also requires it of his churches that they be working churches. What kind of a light would that be that does not shine, or what sort of a church is that which has no forthgoing activity ? What is Christianity without the benevolent deeds which Christianity produces ? We do not ask what the sanctuary *is*, so much as what the sanctuary *does*. There may be a dead sanctuary as well as a dead faith. A dead sanctuary ! what is it ? There is no heart there, and no active pulsations ; it is no living temple ; it is *Death* ! If it acts not, it lives not ; its sublimest devotions are but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, without its active character. If *this* edifice is worthy the place it occupies, and the cause to which we devote it, we must have an honest and an earnest Christianity, permeated with more of the popular element, employing more heads, more hearts and more hands. We must have a willing people, and lay under contribution every tribe, every family, every man. This is what sanctuaries are built for. They are not built for the minister, but for the people. The minister is not the church, nor is the pulpit the sanctuary. It is the solitude of his toil that is very apt to dishearten even the most courageous laborer. The difference between a ministry standing alone and a ministry upheld and encouraged by the favor and coöperation of an effective church, cannot be known this side eternity. Negligence is the sin of Christians, and it is no small sin. The want of well-doing is one of the devil's forms

of evil-doing. The Saviour's maxim was, "I must *work*." I must "work the work of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh, in which no man can work." We cannot prolong the day of labor an hour. Time does not wait for our indecision, nor death for our delay. It would be a lamentable narrative hereafter to be told, that the generation which is now passing through this house of God has left no luminous track behind it.

Nor let it be thought that we derogate from the dignity and sacredness of our subject, when we remark—

IV. In the fourth place, that the sanctuary is distinguished for its CONSERVATIVE PRINCIPLES.

It is no enemy to reform and progress; yet is it no part of its principles or its policy to "do evil that good may come." It hails every aggressive movement on the kingdom of darkness; yet it is not heedless of consequences. Reform and progress are its great object; yet it has no organ of destructiveness. While it is not blind to existing evils, it dreads the evils of premature reform. So long as it acts in its true character, its aim is to make the world wiser, better, and happier; nor will its work be accomplished until "the Lord God shall cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all nations." Yet it does not run riot, even in advancing the right and eradicating the wrong, lest by ill-timed and unhallowed zeal it should lose more than it would gain.

If the world in which we dwell is so impregnate with wickedness that it cannot endure the teachings of heavenly wisdom without secret hostility, or open tur-



bulence, we may not forget that the bitterness, the turmoil, the angry invective and strife of the world belong not to the house of God. It is no friend to rancour and bitterness, even in a good cause. We accord to it, nay we claim for it its controversy with evil ; and it is a controversy which is uncompromising. But we see not why it may not breast itself in the very front of the battle, without " scattering fire-brands, arrows, and death." It is not the fiery meteor, but rather is it like the moon, wading in her brightness through a night of storms. Embarrassing, obscuring clouds it may look for, but it shines by its own light, pure and white, though making its way through Egyptian darkness. It is no thunder cloud, filling the hearts of men with fear ; nor when its seals are opened, do the stars of heaven fall to the earth as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs. No, no ! Soft and gentle breezes blow from Mount Zion ; the sun of righteousness lingers upon its summit, and bright visions open upon the vale below.

The longer I live, the more am I convinced that this is one of the great characteristics of the sanctuary. It was not the earthquake, nor the strong wind, nor the fire, that made the prophet wrap his face in his mantle, but the still, small voice.

We forget our office when we needlessly ignite and inflame the worst passions of the human heart, and strike blow after blow upon the foundations of public tranquility. The great statute-book of the sanctuary is a cautious instructor, enforcing its lessons with " the meekness of wisdom." There is much that it teaches, and some truths which it does not teach ; wisely leaving



the great principles it inculcates, like the leaven hid in three measures of meal, to their quiet and progressive power. If the Apostle Paul could have had the private ear of Nero, I have no doubt he would have told him truths which the Spirit of God would not allow him publicly to declare to the Christians at Rome. His object was not to agitate and revolutionize, but to regenerate and reform. Sudden changes in the polity and affairs of the world the sanctuary does not look for. It aims not so much at rudely undermining old institutions, and demolishing old landmarks, as at leaving them silently and gradually to crumble and wither under the subduing power of truth and love. A few wild and unseasonable blasts of the trumpet may produce a storm which even the "Sermon on the Mount," a thousand times repeated, cannot assuage. There is no such reforming power as the cross of Christ. And the beauty of the reform is, that it is accomplished without doing any harm. When the sanctuary concentrates the energy of its intellect, the ardor of its emotions, and its fiery zeal, in a prolonged crusade against some one social evil, it is very apt to lose sight of its appropriate work, to exhaust its vigor in a foreign service, and in the end of its eccentric course, take up the lamentation, "They made me keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."

Our own land stands first and foremost of all lands in the unshackled influence of the sanctuary. For his religious principles no man is here accountable but to his Maker. The church has no jealousy of the State, and the State has no jealousy of the church. We have

no inmingling of the cross and the clay. There is no ecclesiastical domination to dictate the measures of the government, and "no Star Chamber to trample the rights of conscience under the heel of arbitrary power." Our obligations, therefore, *as American churches*, stand abreast with our high privileges. In a land where the people influence the government, rather than the government the people; where public opinion originates the laws; where the church can prosper without the State, better than the State without the church; and where the religion of the gospel stands confessed as the only bulwark of national security, the sanctuary has obligations of no ordinary kind. Our free institutions do not adhere to our soil or climate, nor do our rich prairies nourish them, nor are they imbedded in our mountains; they rest on the influence of the sanctuary. Selfish politicians, noisy patriots, and profligate courtiers, are not for the State to lean upon. Our prosperity, OUR UNION is inseparable from our Christian character. The severe schooling and steady habits of our fathers laid the foundation of our greatness, and it has thus far been protected and sustained by the laws of that kingdom which is not of this world. What the future will be, we know not; if we have fears, it is because we have fears for the influence of the sanctuary; and if we have more and stronger hopes than fears, it is because the sanctuary is his abode who "ruleth the raging of the sea, and stilleth the tumult of the people." Mercurial and fiery spirits may find a place within its walls, and threatening voices and mighty thunderings may agitate it; but there are words of peace above the howl-

ings of the storm. If a bright horizon is yet to open upon us ; if "young America," with her head-strong impulsiveness, is preserved from the turbulence of anarchy ; if, in the murky atmosphere that now and then envelops us, and if, amid the hoarse and sharp rumbling of the cavern beneath us, we avoid or survive the earthquake, it will be because "knowledge, with strength of salvation, is the stability of our times."

If it so happens that we live in an age when these thoughts are unwelcome, or are looked upon with suspicion, or will be misinterpreted and abused, the more is the pity, and the more is the need of them. Well assured am I that the time will come when they will receive a hearty response from all right-hearted men, and that experience will show that "wisdom is justified of her children." We ask for this house of God that it may be baptized with the spirit of wisdom, and long remain as God's witness to whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are of good report. Should the time ever come when it ceases to be the reprover of wickedness, and at the same time the patron of good order, some weeping prophet may survey its ruins and say, "How is the gold become dim, and the most fine gold changed !" Give us this spiritual, this conservative character, and our "walls will be salvation and our gates praise."

V. We reverence the sanctuary, in the last place, for ITS SOCIAL AND FRATERNAL CHARACTER.

There is but one true religion in the universe. The religion of heaven and the religion of earth, varying as

they do in measure, are in their nature essentially the same.

The sanctuary is the house of prayer *for all people*. It is the symbol of man's brotherhood, and stands forth as the sacred asylum of *fallen humanity*. So far from being appointed for one nation, one clime, one class, or colour, it recognizes no distinction of names or persons, and no covenant of peculiarity. Of all places in the world, it is the place where Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, bond and free, wise and unwise, seamen and landsmen, the stranger and the home born, are regarded with a Christian impartiality. And why should it not be so? They are alike the offspring of the same Almighty Parent; invested with the same intelligent and immortal existence; subjects of the same moral government; equally the heirs of sin and the curse, and the offered salvation; all born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward; all destined to lie down in the grave, to stand at the bar of the final Judge, and, as they employ this day of grace, to be at last associated in the same blessed heaven, or in the same awful hell.

All have a common interest, therefore, in the house of God. Attractive it may be to the rich, but never ought to be repulsive to the poor. One of its peculiarities is, that "the rich and the poor meet together" at its altars. It speaks to all: to the peasant in his hut and to the king on his throne; to the saint in his closet and the criminal in his dungeon; to the children of want and woe everywhere. It is the great leveller; not by obliterating all human distinctions, but by making a distinction that absorbs them all; not by depressing the



high, but by elevating the low, and raising both to the dignity of "the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty."

Man is a social being ; his religious privileges, and obligations, and hopes are intimately inwoven with this great element of his nature. Most beautifully and wonderfully are the social relations made subservient to his immortality. Christian churches are not more certainly the nurseries of the church in heaven, than Christian families are the nurseries of the church on earth. If you survey the lands where God's altars are thrown down, or have never been erected, you will be apt to find them lands where the social and domestic ties are sacrificed to those that are more public ; where the endearments of private life are usurped by a proud ambition, and the allurements to personal piety are lost in the clamor and bustle of the world. "Come, thou, and *all thy house* into the ark ;" this is the voice which issues from the sanctuary of God. Our attachments to the sanctuary may well be expressive of our attachment to the worship and the God of our fathers ; and well may they be strengthened by the sweet memories of the domestic circle. I would not part with these sacred reminiscences. O how sweetly they sometimes come back upon us in the days of pensiveness and grief ; and when we stand in silence over the honoured grave of the departed, and where, amid the many bonds that united us, none is more valued than that which bound us to the house of God ! We honour the solitary chamber where grief is bathed in tears, and the mourner takes refuge, by himself, in the bosom of eternal love ;



but it is not as when assembled Israel, in the day of their rebuke, bowed together in heaviness at the evening sacrifice. We sympathize with the publican when he went up alone to the temple to pray ; but it is a more cheering scene to look at which the Psalmist speaks of when he says, " We took sweet counsel together, and went to the house of God in company." There is beauty and forth-going praise in the lonely star that twinkles in the retiring cloud ; but it falls short of the beauty of the spangled heavens, nor is it the adoring anthem when " the morning stars *sang together*, and *all* the sons of God shouted for joy."

And may we not extend these thoughts to the great brotherhood of churches of every name ? Christian men are Christian men everywhere. Though they have been dispersed through different ages of time, and are now dispersed through different sections of the church of God, they are the same Christian men everywhere. Though they differ in their intellectual endowments and acquisitions, and even in their spiritual character, joys, and influences, they are still good and Christian men. Like scattered rays of light and love, they all radiate from God's sanctuary. Their religion is one ; they themselves are constituent parts of the one body, of which Christ is the head ; one temple, of which he is the Deity ; one sphere, of which he is the sun.

Whence, then, this moral chaos ? Why this scattering of the one fold of the Great Shepherd ? Whence is it that the old faith and the old charity are separated by almost impassable barriers ? Why this " party coloured blazonry," and this " cross-firing" of the hosts marshal-

ed under the Captain of our salvation? We plead for God's sanctuary; and on its behalf we ask for what we have ever given, and hold ourselves ready to give—the interchanged tokens of love and influence, which the Bible not only justifies, but demands. That book of God has its standard of church fellowship, and here it is: "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity!" Here it is still more definitely: "In Christ Jesus, neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. And as many as walk ACCORDING TO THIS RULE, peace be on them, and mercy upon the Israel of God!" Here it is again, in the words of our loving Master: "Father, I pray that *they all may be one*, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they may be one in us, *that the world may believe that thou hast sent me!*" Who can stand before such an appeal as this? Where is now the stern Anabaptist, and the unyielding pretender to apostolic succession, and the sturdy champion of the exclusive divine right of Presbytery, and the devout advocate for the literal version of the Psalms of David, who of such figments would erect a wall of brass around the sanctuary?

We have no desire to be regarded as "uncommon pretenders to charity." Ye are our witnesses that we are not slow in "contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Yet we have no war, except with error and sin; and where the error is radical to the Christian system, or essential to the Christian character, it is a war of extermination. But we have long since learned that conformity is not essential to unity, nor to Christian fellowship. "The kingdom of God is

not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." The more the faith and fellowship of Christ prevail, the more will they lead his followers to fellowship with each other. The sanctuary calls upon us to receive and acknowledge all Christians, of every name, who are Christians indeed. O we are sick at heart of this dismembered body of Christ! Nor do we mean in this matter to be fettered by sectarian intolerance, or awed by the authority of men. Blessed be God, the time is coming when the "watchmen shall see eye to eye, and lift up their voice together, and with the voice together shall they sing." We look for such a day, and on this side the heavenly world. And what a beautiful expression of the object and design of the sanctuary and of the spirit of heaven! The sanctuary below is but the vestibule to the sanctuary above. We would not come to it, feeling that we are dissociated from any one of the families of the redeemed, any more than we are dissociated from "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." There the earthly sanctuary terminates in the companionship of "an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, and God, the Judge of all, and Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant."

Such is God's sanctuary. Who can appreciate it?—its object, its toil, its solitudes and discouragements, its expectations and successes, its honours and rewards; what is there on the earth to be compared with these? In its moral power and permanent influence it stands preëminent above the forum, above the Senate house, above the battle field, and above the press. Thought

looks to it for instruction; the wounded conscience looks to it as its refuge, and the burdened heart for its repose. Lispering childhood looks to it, and buoyant youth, and vigorous manhood, and hoary age. Christianity looks to it as its defender, and as the heaven-designated herald of its glad tidings. The history of the sanctuary would be the history of Christianity, in all its lights and shadows, in all its depression and triumph, in all its conflicts and victories. Nations live or die as their sanctuaries rise or fall. Woe to the land that is not the land of the Sabbath and the sanctuary! All the world over, with the exception of those temples where God once dwelt, and from which his glory is departed, an intimate sympathy will be found to exist between the sanctuary and the best interests of men. If Scotland, from having been "one of the rudest, one of the poorest, one of the most turbulent countries in Europe," has become "one of the most virtuous, one of the most highly civilized, one of the most flourishing, one of the most tranquil," it is because "He that dwells between the cherubims there shines forth."

When a body of Puritans in the North of England, and after them a body of the "Scotch-Irish" removed to this western wilderness, in order to enjoy liberty of conscience, their rallying point was the house of God. And now, like a wreath of perennial flowers, everywhere adorning hill and valley, their scattered temples are inmingling their hallowed incense with the winds of our mountains and the spray of our iron-bound coast. A right-minded foreigner can hardly pass through the length and breadth of this land without observing that



one of our strong peculiarities is a religious reverence for God's sanctuary. What citadels of strength are these unnumbered Christian temples, everywhere lifting their spires toward heaven! Should ever the time come when a barbarous deluge, like that which inundated the fairest portions of Europe during the Middle Ages, passes over this fair land, among its first and most ruthless desolations would be found a desecrated or a desolated sanctuary.

These thoughts give interest to this welcome hour. While the tide of life has been sweeping away the landmarks of the past, some few remain who saw our ancient sanctuary in its glory, and still more who witnessed its decay. Thanks to God, the overflowing waters have thus far been restrained from invading these altars. We have lived to see the top stone of this edifice laid, and its doors open to us. We have nothing to ask for in the external and material arrangements of this house. It is not a gorgeous edifice; it has no decorated walls and arches, and no splendid magnificence. Yet are there stability and comfort, and tasteful architecture, which do honour to the genius and fidelity of those employed in projecting, erecting, and embellishing it. "*Strength and beauty* are in his sanctuary." We have sufficient interest and sufficient gratification in the external and the material; God grant that we may have a deeper feeling for the internal and the spiritual! Why should the visible captivate us, and the lust of the eye and the pride of life charm our hearts to those things that are seen, instead of attracting them to the unseen realities, of which these symbols, these appearances are only the shadow.



The sanctuary is more than ornamental architecture, and harmonious music, and external worship. We look above and across the visible to Him who is invisible. It is the selected spot where the Almighty architect forms the materials of "the living temple, built up with lively stones, an holy temple in the Lord, an habitation of God through the spirit." It is God's house, and we come to dedicate it to him. And there is, in my humble judgment, no superstition, but great propriety and truth in these acts of dedication. There is, and there ought to be, as wide a distinction between the house of God and all other places of public resort, as between all that is secular and all that is sacred. The one is a select and consecrated territory; the other belongs to the business of the world. Secular themes and secular objects have their place, but that place is not the sanctuary. From our hearts we dedicate this edifice to the God of heaven. It is nothing to us if He do not occupy it. **STAND UP**, all ye people, and before God, angels and men, consecrate it to his worship and honour, to whom it belongs!—each one of us humbly looking to him, that he would fill it with his great glory. Be it ever sacred to him by whose name it is called!—sacred to his mercy-seat and his praise!—sacred to his pure gospel, to his own ordinances, to the fellowship of the saints, the conversion of men, and the comfort and edification of those who fear God and love his Son. Sacred place! "Arise, O Lord God, thou and the ark of thy strength! Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness; and let thy saints shout for joy!" From this good hour let this house be devoted only to sacred and religious uses.

Here let all that is sacred be put in motion, and all that is secular be put at rest. In his name, to whom we have thus solemnly dedicated it, we say to you, reverence God's sanctuary. Prize his ordinances, and teach your children to prize them. There are fountains of mercy here ; a river the streams whereof make glad the city of our God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. Bend over this living fountain and drink to the full. Lift up your hands in the sanctuary and *bless the Lord*. The Lord, that made heaven and earth, *bless thee* out of Zion.

It will not be looked for, on the present occasion, that I should repeat those historical notices that were given in the *last discourse* that was delivered in our former edifice. It is natural for those who are in an advanced period of life to look forward ; Christianity looks forward with hope. "The Brick Presbyterian Church in the city of New York" will not, we trust, prove recreant to its character nor its trust. There have been periods when we have had some misgivings as to the course this church has pursued ; yet, upon a deliberate review of it, it is our welcome conviction that, under the Divine favour, the true purpose of the sanctuary, notwithstanding all our imperfections, has been here, in some good measure, accomplished. When we look at the number and standing of those ministers of the gospel whom its prayers and its bounty have sent forth to the world ; when we advert to the part it has taken in organizing some, and in sustaining other institutions for the spread of the gospel ; when we think of the multitudes to whom the gospel has been

here preached, and the multitudes who hail from this church as their spiritual birth-place ; when we recall its conflicts with error and its conservative influence ; when we set before our minds the two generations of the Lord's people who have gone from us to the upper sanctuary, and dwell with such gratified emotions upon the scenes of trial through which they passed, and upon their peaceful departure ; and when, in our present survey of this people, we count so few among this adult population who have not named the name of Christ, we bow our knees in humility and thankfulness before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, much as we have to deplore, we have not run in vain, neither labored in vain ; " yet not I, but the grace of God that was with me."

We enter upon our new career under few circumstances of discouragement and many of bright anticipation. We are at a sufficient remove from our sister churches to forbid all interference or rivalry, while we are in the midst of a population that give us welcome, and bid us God's speed. With no ordinary gratification, also, we greet the return to our number of so many of those who, because the place has been too strait for us, have for a short season been the adornment of other and more convenient churches. We need them, and here, we trust, they will once more find themselves at home.

In the name of the Lord, therefore, we set up our banners. It is an eventful age of the world in which our enterprise receives this new impulse. They are cheering scenes we look upon, as from this mount

of vision and this hour of hope we look down on the ages of mercy that already begin to visit our guilty world. Even now is the "earth helping the woman." The halls of science, the inventions of art, the resources of commerce, and above all these, the facilities of international intercourse, are becoming tributary to Him in whom all nations shall be blessed, and even the battle of the warrior has prepared the way for the Prince of Peace. More than all, the everblessed and adorable Spirit of God is coming forth to the bright conquests of the "latter-day glory." The crisis is approaching, and startling events may be looked for in the future history both of the Church and the world. Nor may you be dismayed, my brethren, if mercy and judgment still stand abreast in the redemption of men. If the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience is gone up with his legions on the length and breadth of the earth, it is but to herald his own overthrow, and be the precursor of "quietness and assurance forever." A few fleeting centuries, and the work of the sanctuary will be accomplished, and the church militant enjoy her repose.

I have before made the remark, that I did not favor the removal which we have lived to witness, from personal considerations, for it must be clear that the small remnant of my ministry would have been less precarious and less toilsome had the removal never have been effected. As Israel said to Joseph, I now say to you, "Behold, *I die* ; but God shall be *with you*." Yet while I live, I ask no greater joy than to preach the gospel to this people. It would be no grief of heart to



me to die on the harvest field. I would die in the midst of you, and hope that the grandchildren of those whom I have attended to their graves, will give me a resting place, ever quiet and "Ever Green," amid their fathers' sepulchres, and where so many sheaves have been gathered in fully ripe from this field of labor. Nor have I anything more to ask for this house, than that the God of Zion would here record his name, and that among the glorious things that shall be spoken of this city of our God, it may be said that "this and that man was born in her, and that the Highest himself hath established her." May we not, my brethren, this day offer the prayer, and indeed cherish the hope, the confidence, that "the glory of this latter house shall be greater than that of the former!" Long may this sanctuary stand upon this holy hill, as God's witness to the favored city and land where we dwell! Here may successive generations begin their everlasting song, and your living and dying prayer and mine be, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces!" And when the last trumpet shall shake all things earthly, may every living stone of this spiritual temple bear yonder immortal inscription, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD!" How sweet the thought that, worms and sinners as we are, we ourselves may then exemplify truth, "Behold, what hath God wrought;" and in that far off land where the Lord is the light thereof, and the Lamb its glory, our voices, with those of the loved and venerated who have gone before us, shall swell the chorus, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, forever!" Amen!















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